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Old Time Country Life.

The following graphic picture of farm life in the good old days that have gone forever, is from the Albany State Register. It will be read with pleasure by many a New Englander in far off lands, and he will go to bed and dream of the pewter mug filled with cider, and the doughnuts, and the pippin apples, and the great old fire-place—we have stoves now, faght—and the apple parings and quiltings, and—ah, memory will go back. But read:

There are memories that come clustering about these "boys," these "pippins," and "the orchard." Do you remember the old cider mill, friend Margins, and the old horse as he traveled round and round, moving with a slow and dignified tread, "hitched" to the long lever that turned the wooden mill, that crushed the apples into pumice? Do you remember the great "cheese" in its burlap of straw beneath the press, and how, when the great screws were turned in the massive gallow-shape frame, the rich juice of the apple came gushing out and running into the great tub placed to receive it? Do you remember how, with a straw, the urchins, as they came along on their way home from school, filled themselves with sweet cider from the bung of the barrel? Do you remember how, in the long winter nights you sat around the fire-place wherein logs were blazing, and how the pitcher of cider, and the platter of doughnuts were placed upon the old cherry table that sat out in the middle of the kitchen, and how you helped yourself to the cider and the doughnuts, and how happy each one was as he sat with his pewter mug of cider in one hand and a doughnut in the other before that old-fashioned kitchen fire-place? Those were pleasant times. But they are memories now. And then the apple parings or "bees," as they were called, when the young men and maidens came together to pare apples, and talk and laugh and play old fashioned plays, and say soft things to one another, and eat pumpkin pies, and be happy after the fashion of the country people when you and I were young. Primitive times those were, friend Margins, and our proud daughters and city dames would turn up their noses hugely were they to be present at an old-fashioned apple-bee, such as they used to have out in old Stuben, when the country was new, and the fashions were primitive.

We remember, when we were young, there was a favorite tree in our father's orchard which bore choice whinter apples. It was called the big tree, because it was the largest in the orchard. The fruit of this tree was always left till the last and was gathered with great care. There was a worthless fellow living in the neighborhood who one year coveted a portion of the fruit on the "big tree," and was not deterred from its acquisition by the divine commandment—"Thou shalt not steal." A quantity of the apples disappeared one night, and the tracks of whoever stole them had a strange resemblance to those made by the heelless boots of a dishonest neighbor. There were two inseparable friends on the old homestead in those early days; the one a "colored gentleman" by the name of Shadrach, who came to our father's possession in payment for a debt, and who ran away regularly two or three times a year, and then as regularly ran back again, just as his master began to indulge the hope that he had got rid of him for good. The other was a great dog, half mastiff and half bull, of a noble presence and a fearless courage. Drive and Shadrach were inseparable. They worked and played together, slept together in the same loft, and Shadrach never ate a meal while the dog lived, at least at home, without sharing it with his canine friend. He would talk with Drive for hours, when they were alone, although the dog didn't say much himself, yet Shadrach said a good many things, and laid down and argued out a great many queer propositions, against which Drive uttered not a word of dissent.

One chilly night in October, Shadrach and Drive had been out along the corn-fields on an unsuccessful coon hunt. On their return the dog dashed off through the orchard, and in a minute or two commenced barking, and Shadrach of course supposed he had treed a coon on one of the fruit trees. Now Shadrach had an abiding faith in spiritual manifestations, and stood in mortal fear of "the gentleman in black," and all manner of spooks in general. Upon arriving at the "big tree," by the which Drive sat, and looking up among the branches, he saw there in the darkness a great black object, with something that seemed like a winding sheet in its hand. Shadrach's hair began to curl as he looked, and halloing "Seek him!" to Drive, broke like a quarter-nag for the house. He broke breathlessly into the kitchen, exclaiming—"Massa, Massa! Drive got de debble in de big apple tree." What is that, you woolly-haired rhinoceros?" replied his master. "Drive got de debble treed on de big apple tree," repeated the negro. A torch was lighted, and upon going into the orchard, there sat our thieving neighbor among the branches, with a bag half filled with the coveted fruit. Our father said not a word to him, but after giving Shadrach certain directions, returned quietly to the house.—Old Shadrach laid his jacket down by the roots of the big apple tree, and ordering Drive to watch it, said to the occupant of the tree, "Look hea, you brack tief, you come down, and Drive eat your head off sartain. Ugly dog dat. Eat a white tief up like a coon, sure. Roost up dar like a turkey, yah! yah!" Shadrach went to his loft, and laid himself quietly away. When the day broke, there was the thief in the tree, and there was Drive watching him. When the sun rose, they were there. The negro gave Drive his breakfast, and left him his jacket and the man in the tree to watch. Our father and the "boys," of whom we were one, went to husking corn in the orchard. Ten o'clock came, and there was the dog at the roots, and the man perched among the branches of the "big apple tree." The horn sounded for dinner, and when we returned the two were there still. The thief called beseechingly to our father to let him come down. "Well," was the reply, "why don't you come down?" "This infernal dog will eat me up if I do," said the thief. "Very likely," was the calm rejoinder, and we went on husking the corn. Once or twice the occupant of the apple tree, after coaxing and flattering the dog, attempted to descend, but Drive's ivory warned him of his peril, and he went back to his perch. There never was another human being in such ecstasies all the day as was that negro. Yah! yah! he would break out in an uncontrollable cackling, and then roll and halloo, and yah! yah! among the corn-stalks until you could hear him a mile. The sun went down behind the hills, and there still were the thief and the dog. We all went to supper, and in the twilight of evening, in pity to the famished and frightened culprit, the dog was withdrawn and he was permitted to slink away home. He never stole apples again, or anything else from our father while Drive and old Shadrach remained on the farm.

The Plunge from the Wheeling Bridge.

The telegraph give us a brief account of a young lady in Wheeling having failed to commit suicide, by jumping from the bridge over the Ohio at that city. The intelligence affords us further particulars.

When she reached the place where the iron cables touch the railing, at nearly the highest part of the bridge, Mr. George Downey, the toll collector, observed her climbing up the railing and removing her bonnet and shawl. He ran to her only in time to catch the mantilla which she wore, when she broke from his grasp, and leaped to the stream below, a distance, even at the present high stage of water, of not less than seventy-eight feet! The current was full of floating ice, and her destruction seemed inevitable; she

sank—then rose—then plunged wildly into the swollen torrent—sank again—rose once more, and then floated onward amid the torrent of ice, with nothing but her head and one hand occasionally visible. Several men in a skiff put out from some boat lying at the wharf.

After endeavors to pick her up, lasting half an hour, they finally got hold of her, and took her aboard, wholly insensible.—Restoratives were applied and she recovered. She was a respectable young lady, whose love affairs had not been running as smoothly as she desired, so, from a mark for Cupid's arrow, she foolishly resolved to turn into fish bait.—[Cin. Enq.]

The Devil's Heritage.

The following amusing anecdote was related by a stranger who happened to be present at a meeting recently in Erie. Recent developments would seem to indicate that there is more truth than fiction in the narrative.

The president then rose and requested if any railroad man or woman was present to offer what views they had, and he would protect them. At this suggestion, an elderly lady, apparently a stranger, rose and said that she condemned the course of the people here; that they had exhibited a very disorderly appearance, and reminded her of an anecdote that was related to her some time since, and which, she said, very truthfully represented, not only the riotous disposition of the inhabitants, but the slow, sleepy and indubitable mark that nature had stamped upon them. It was told to me by an old citizen, whose years had assisted him in appreciating it. It was nearly as follows:—

"After the creation of the world, the Lord and the Devil quarrelled as to the proportionate share each should take. The Lord said that through his wisdom and forethought he had created the world from nothing, into a mass of reality. 'But,' said the Devil, 'possession is two-thirds, and I claim the larger portion on that score.' But the Lord was more inclined to settle it by reason, logic, and law; and the Devil seeing that he must yield, reluctantly gave piece by piece, until all had gone but one little corner, which he clapped his hands on and resolutely resisted all further encroachments. He said he must have a residence, and he had surrendered almost all, but he must have the corner, as it afforded all the favorable inducements for carrying out his multifarious business. The Lord, when he looked at it, yielded immediately, and he said that he never yet had had any control over that corner, and the Devil might take it and welcome. He took it, named it Erie, and reigns supreme there even up to the present day."

Texas Preaching.

Norton, of the Mt. Vernon Whig, is an observing man, for a traveler. We lately copied his report of a capstan trial, in Arkansas; and now we find in his paper a letter from him in Texas, near Shreveport, where he gives a specimen of "the preaching of the gospel" on Timber Gut.

"My brethren," continued Father Donk, "thar's a thing been on my mind, all the time I've been talkin' to you this mornin'. Looks like the Lord has been callin' all day for me to talk it right out! But my brethren—here the parson's voice faltered, and he wiped his eyes with the tail of his hunting shirt. "I natly hate to say the word, because it's consarnin' givin' up the church here on Timber-Gut Creek, whar I've sowed the good seed—glory to the Lord—and whar it sprouted and brought forth fruit, some fifty and some an hundred fold. Brethren, the Lord knows I love you Timber-Gutters; but my brethren, the Church and me seems to be a-differin' (differing) on some pints o' faith, and I reckon I'd better go. Yea, Lord, thy will be done, but Timber Gut is dear to the heart of old Daddy Donk! Here I've striv and here I've rastled, and here I've

snake-poled Satan as far as the Lord has give me strength. Praise the Lord, I've give the old varmint's hide some mighty tight dressin's, but he's a gittin' the upper hand of old Daddy Donk now!

"Yes, brethren"—here the speaker warmed up evidently—"you that lives a-way down here on Timber Gut, don't know what's a doin' a-way up yonder to Jacksonville; but I'll tell you brethren! Yes, I'll raise my voice and tell it so loud, that there shan't be a man, nor a moman, nor a child, on all Timber Gut, but shall here it—Satan has had another flirt with the old strumpet Babylon—and what d'ye reckon, she's brought forth? I say, what has the old slut of Babylon brought forth? Why, Sons-o'-TEMPERANCE!

"Yes, brethren, and fore you know, you'll have a cross of the same stock down here on Timber Gut! I see it a-comin'! And right here, brethren, this fetches me up to the pint I was amin' at, a while ago. Bless God, brethren, you all know that when old Daddy Donk fust come down on Timber Gut, about a year ago, there warn't but two or three brethren of the Two-Seed faith on all Timber Gut! But your old Daddy preached and he prayed in the neighbors houses, and by-and-by the Lord begun to move, and 'many were added to the Church!' And by-and-by brethren, we got up a 'scription to build a house to the Lord, and the brethren was liberal, and we built this nice house—and brethren, we had seven dollars and a half, over and above buildin' the House of the Lord! And the Lord prospered the Church on Timber Gut, on every hand! and we took the money that was over and above the buildin' of the meetin' house, and we laid it out in fifteen gallons of mighty good corn whiskey, for the brethren to use on meetin' days! Oh, glory to the Lord, them was the days when the Church on Timber Gut was like a green bay tree! Then you might a seed the brethren a flockin' in of a Sunday mornin'! Then was the time your old Daddy Donk went down into the water, with somebody or another every meetin' day! And brethren—here the speaker sobbed between his words—"there was added to the Church endurin' the time we had that good spirits, forty-five members!

Praise God! it was just adzactly three to the gallon, brethren!

But now, brethren," continued the venerable Donk with a trembling, plaintive intonation; "but, now brethren, them spirits has been out for two meetin's. Your old Daddy comes down every month to see you, and preach for you, and pray for you, and fight Satan for you, and thar's not a drop in the kag. The Church, too, is lukewarm, and Satan seems to be a gittin' it all his own way. Brethren, I hope the Lord will bless the Church on Timber Gut, but the way things is fixed, brethren, your old Daddy Donk is satisfied in his own mind that the Lord is about to call somebody else to take charge of the Church on Timber Gut, for your old Daddy does not feel willin' to rastle for souls with Satan, and give him all under holts!"

It is further reported and should be made known to the world as an act of justice to Parson Donk, that a Committee raised upon the conclusion of the Parson's discourse a sufficient sum to procure a suitable supply of the munitions of war; and that the venerable pastor continues his ministrations on Timber Gut, where the devil gets some confounded hard falls, now that Daddy Donk has in a (tin) measure deprived him of his "underholt."

Reader, the sermon of Daddy Donk may give you some idea of the Timber Gut kind of preachin'. And having done so we rest from our labors—for the present.

James A. Pearce, whig, has been re-elected to the U. S. senate by the legislature of Maryland, by a vote of 56 to 35.